

# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

VOLUME XXXI.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1902.

NUMBER 7

Published every week.  
\$1.00 a year, in advance.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

Entered at the Post Office, New York, N. Y.  
as second class matter.

## PINK STRING PROMISES.

It was good to be back in the club-house, good to receive the smiling greetings of the ebony servitors in the halls and the cloak-room, good to hear the clink of glasses and the shouts of laughter from a distant cardroom.

So thought Dick Dean as he paused in the reading room and gazed with satisfaction at the rich furnishings in the mellow lamplight. His trip abroad had done him a world of good. He was ready to take up the old life with new vigor. Suddenly the light died out of his face. Who was that speaking? Whiteleaf? Yes, that was Whiteleaf, the banker. "Jonas Norden will be the next mayor of this city, gentlemen. He was promised it last fall, and to-day the directors of *The Daily News* voted to support him as the candidate in the coming caucus."

Dean stood motionless, his eyes fixed on the curtained doorway leading into a small committee room, an ominous light flashing from his deep-set eyes. Whiteleaf was the acknowledged party boss.

"That will be merry music for Dean to hear when he lands," remarked a second speaker. "He told me just before he sailed that you had promised him your support during the coming campaign."

"Well," drawled Whiteleaf, "things have changed. The welfare of the party and—that North Benson franchise call for a different chap than Dean for our candidate for mayor. But, mark my words, Dean will take his medicine like a little man. He'd never desert the gang. Besides, I did not promise; just hinted that he was in line for the lightning to strike—a sort of pink string promise. He'll land an office some day. He's young."

"Yes, but suppose the buzzing bee demands honey?"

The curtains parted, and Dean stood before the astonished politicians.

"He does demand it, gentlemen. I am here to exact of Mr. Whiteleaf the fulfillment of that promise—pink strings or no pink strings!"

Whiteleaf was the first of the quartet to recover his composure. He was mentally calculating just how much of the conversation Dean had heard.

"Glad to see you, Dick. Didn't look for you before the middle of the month. What will you have?"

"Nothing," replied Dean, ignoring the outstretched hand, "until you have explained the meaning of the speech I unfortunately overheard."

"Come, come my boy, don't be hot headed. You have had enough experience in wirepulling to know that all is fair in love, war and politics."

"A promise given and received in good faith should stand in love, war or politics. When I withdrew from the nomination in favor of Jenkins two years ago, you gave me a promise. Do you intend to redeem it?"

Whiteleaf quailed before the angry young man and glanced uneasily at his colleagues.

"Think of the welfare of your party!"

"Will you redeem that promise?" interposed Dean inexorably.

Whiteleaf lost his temper.

"I'll do as I darn please!"

"That's all I want to know," replied Dean, with a calmness that should have warned the red-faced banker of impending catastrophe.

Then he walked back to the cloakroom, donned his raglan and went forth into the black, drizzling night.

A moment later he met a young political worker in his party. They had been schoolmates. Now one was a rich manufacturer, the other a wage earning mechanic. Daniel Porter was leader of a certain faction of the party, so the manufacturer halted the mechanic, and as their hands met the rich man said:

"Dan, I'm out for the nomination this fall. Are you with me?"

"Every minute, on conditions."

"Can you swing the boys into line?"

"Yes, if you'll do business."

"What do you mean?"

"Square yourself on certain points."

"Name them."

"The city laborers want a fifteen-cent-a-day raise in pay, the boys

want Colonel Handyside for city marshal, and they want M. J. King appointed on the board of license commissioners, and, of course, you'll be expected to remember your friends when it comes to other appointive officers. That is about all my end of the combine wants."

"And that is about all there is to be had, isn't it?" asked Dean with a smile.

"Oh, there's a few more things we may think of later. How do the ones mentioned hit you?"

"I am favorable to the city granting its laborers more pay. Colonel Handyside would make an admirable marshal. There can be no doubt as to Mr. King's qualifications for a seat on the license board, and I should most certainly, if elected, favor my friends as far as possible."

"Say, Dick, you're just like all the rest of the silk stocking politicians."

"How so, Dan?"

Porter tossed his cigar stub into the gutter, squared his shoulders, thrust his hands into his trousers pockets and answered:

"Just this way: A fellow like me, with a little bit of a pull with a few hundred voters, runs up against a man like you who wants us to help elect him. We ask him right out plump to promise us certain favors, and it's nine times out of ten a case of yes with a string on it."

"I do not understand how this applies to me."

"Well, then, I've told you that we'll turn out and fight for you if you'll agree to do certain things, but you're unwilling to give us an out and out promise in return for our help for fear some of your rich club friends will trot out the hammer. Old Whiteleaf led us into Jenkins' camp two years ago, and we got it in the neck. Our necks are full of bumps, and this year we won't accept any pink string promises. If you want to land in the mayor's chair, you've got to do business on the level. If you agree to that, we'll deliver the goods, and I tell you frankly, we won't unless you do."

"I understand now, Dan, what you mean exactly, but I do not feel that I should give pledges. It seems too much like—"

"You want to be mayor, don't you?"

"Yes, but I want to win honestly."

"Well, now, if you want to be mayor, let your friends make your platform and go into the fight and win on it or lose. Half the rottenness of municipal politics would be done away with if this rule were followed, for the winning platform would have to be for the best interests of the city, or the people wouldn't have it."

"You are quite a municipal student, Dan."

"Do you agree with my theory?"

"I must."

"Then all you'll have to do is to decide as to who you want for platform builders. Let them submit it to you. If you feel you can honestly carry out as an executive what the platform declares for, sign it. Let it be published in the newspapers, and the majority of the voters will decide on election day whether the platform is of sound or rotten timber. Let members of the city government be elected on the same platform, and there will be a backbone to your administration—men working under orders from the people, and not a lot of puppets wiggled about by a clique of moneyed men, as is the case at present. What is your opinion?"

"My opinion is that your views are quite correct, but your associates and mine might differ greatly as to platform planks and—"

"Call together some of your friends—two men from each ward. Pick out men of intelligence, irrespective of wealth or social standing. Tell them what you wish them to do. The platform will be drawn up by majority rule, and the voters will decide whether it is for the city's best interest or not. Doing this, you establish a precedent. The opposition party will be compelled to follow suit, and each side will strive to present in future years the best platform possible for the people's consideration."

"By Jove, Dan, your argument has won me, and I'll do it!"

"You will?"

"Yes, and I want you to serve on this—this platform committee, from Ward 3. I leave it to your good judgment to select for me a man from each of the other wards. I will name a man in each ward myself, and a meeting will be arranged for Thursday evenings at the Worthy House. We will try this municipal scheme of yours, and, win or lose, I will cheerfully abide by the result."

Greenville Whiteleaf sat at his breakfast Friday morning scanning the columns of his morning paper. The table girl entered the dining room in time to see him tear a page from the paper and, after kicking his chair aside, hastily leave the room. From the moment of leaving his breakfast table until the closing of the ward caucuses, nearly a month later, the old banker worked incessantly for the defeat of Dick Dean and the success of Jonas Norden. Money was used freely, but many of those who accepted it went into the caucuses and, protected by the secret ballot system, cast their vote for the man who had dared to say what he would do if elected. The banker's protegee was buried by a vote of two to one.

## KATHRYN'S BURGLAR.

Kathryn never would have done it had her brother Tom been home, because he would have laughed at her. Nor would her stern father of Scotch ancestry tolerate such absurd nonsense as the observance of heathen customs on All Saints' eve. Just the year before he had objected to her attending a Halloween frolic simply because he did not approve of perpetuating silly superstitions.

But Tom was safe at Harvard, undergoing the first anxieties of an ambitious freshman, and her father had been summoned abroad to look after a big contract. So, motherless, Kathryn was free to walk down stairs backward or perform any other Halloween feat. Just at present she was standing in front of the old-fashioned gilt-edged mirror in the drawing room. All around her was midnight stillness.

"I hope the face of my true love comes to me."

She murmured the ancient formula approved by generations of lovelorn damsels and to complete the charm slowly munched an apple, half apprehensive and wholly filled with wonder as to whether the apparition conjured up by the invocation would be clean shaven or mustached. Would it be the features of Frank Handy or Chester Raymond? Both had asked for her hand, and really she did not—

What was that? Yes, it must be a masculine face, with bonnie blue eyes, appealing just above her own curls. A little, smothered shriek, and she swung round to confront a personable chap with crisp blond hair and a face which, save for a haggard look, would have been more than ordinarily attractive. His eyes had a subtle expression that made her think of Tom, and his dress proclaimed that he had once moved in good society.

Following the first spasm of apprehension, she felt a sensation of relief that the picture reflected in the glass was that of a very pretty girl whose chestnut hair formed dainty contrast with a fluffy negligee of pale lavender.

The stranger raised his cap. "Pardon the intrusion," he began. "I had no intention of attracting your attention, but when I opened the door I could not resist the temptation to help out fate, even though the forced prediction might displease you."

Kathryn stared at him. "How did you get in without my hearing you?" she demanded. "I looked all the doors hours ago."

"That is my business," he explained. "No," he went on as she drew herself up, "I did not mean to indicate that it was none of yours. I merely mean that it is my occupation to get into houses with as little disturbance to the occupants as possible."

A wave of red swept over her face. "So you are just a common burglar?" she demanded, with icy scorn.

He flinched at the disgust she did not seek to conceal, but in a moment his easy assurance reassured

itself. "No, quite an uncommon one, I assure you. In fact, I am merely a tyro, and a pretty bad one at that, I imagine. You see, I was not brought up to a respectable trade, and when I was thrown upon my own resources I had to do the best I could. I sought everywhere for work, but my family friends remembered the time when I led a riotous life and would not have me, while others seemed to think that I did not mean what I said when I asked for the simple work I could perform. No man wanted to hire a porter who wore more fashionable clothes than he did, and I could not tell him that I had no others."

"Still, that is no excuse for becoming a burglar."

"No," he admitted, "but yesterday it came to a choice between the poorhouse and a rich one, and when I passed your house this afternoon I overheard you tell a friend you would be all alone save for the servant. I did not intend to take much, just enough to get me to Chicago, and I never supposed that you would be trailing about this time of night. Then, you see, when a man has been practically starving for two days there is—"

She flashed a sharp glance at him.

"Do you mean to tell me that you have starved to death?" she demanded.

"Not quite that, or I should not be here, but if I remember right the last meal I had was Tuesday morning. This is Thursday. It might have been Monday; I never was good at ancient history, but I think it was Tuesday."

Kathryn picked up a quaint silver candlestick. "Come right along," she commanded. "You should have gone to the poorhouse, but I suppose you are foolishly proud."

He followed, his eyes resting admiringly upon the little lavender form in front. Here was a girl who was not afraid of burglars and who carried herself as fearlessly as though she were entertaining a guest.

In the dining room she laid out a dainty lunch. Then she sat herself down on the other side of the table, nor did she speak till the first keen craving for food had been satisfied.

"You don't look a bit like a burglar," she said musingly, as she looked at the well built man opposite. "Somehow you look as though you were cut out for a leader of men."

"If I keep this sort of thing up," he responded with grim humor, "I am apt to wind up leading a chain gang."

She sprang up with a little cry. "You mustn't keep it up. You must get work and make your people proud of you. You must not go to prison."

"I don't know," he responded regarding her excitement wonderingly. "It's the only boarding house I know of where you are not put out if you fail to pay your bill, and, apparently, it's the only place where I can find work."

"You should not say those things," reprovingly.

"I know I should not, but when you have done your best and the whole world seems to be against you, when you starve till you are made desperate, there come moments of temporary insanity, when all sense of right and wrong is lost. When I came here, I fully intended to get enough money to take me out west, where there might be a better chance for me, but when I saw you before the glass in that violet colored dress, somehow you made me think of my sister—and she's dead. So are the others, thank God!"

Kathryn rose abruptly and went into the library. Would she call for help? The man did not care much. He simply sat watching the doorway through which she had disappeared. He was very tired, and it did not matter much now anyhow.

She came back with a card in her hand.

"You know where the Hewitson mills are, don't you?" He nattered.

"Mr. Hewitson is my father." Again he nodded. "Take this to the manager. I think there's an opening in the shipping department. You will probably have to start at a ridiculous salary, but—"

"He caught her hand and pressed

it to his lips as a loyal subject might kiss the hand of a revered sovereign.

"Oh, I will go. Only give me the chance, and I'll show what I can do." He felt something folded under the card. He looked down, and his face flushed a deep purple. He laid the bill on the table.

"Oh, but you must take it till you get your first salary. You can't starve."

"No, not that. I can't take it; but, please God, I'll show you that I can lead a decent life and justify your faith in me." And waving his cap, he disappeared, as he had come, through the dining room window.

\* \* \* \* \*

Three years have passed swiftly for Kathryn; but, oddly enough, she has tried no more Halloween charms. This evening she stands in the square hall watching the storm which is ushering in November. A sleigh dashes up to the door, and her father comes in, shaking himself like a great polar bear.

"I've invited young Douglas up to dinner this evening, Kathryn. I didn't think it necessary to phone you. Just have an extra place laid. He pushed through that Rotherberg deal in splendid shape, and in consequence I've given him the promotion he deserved. By the way, Kathryn, where did you meet that chap? He was a lucky find for me."

Kathryn did not answer, but with a conscious blush looks into the drawing room, where the softly shaded lights play on the gilt edged mirror. The bell rings, but she does not wait to receive the guest in the hall. He finds her in the dim drawing room before the mirror. She is looking over her shoulder, and she wears a lavender gown.

The Farewell Address.

Washington had never full confidence in his own rhetorical powers, and there is reason to believe that his farewell address to the people, on the occasion of his declining a third term as President, was revised—as it was certainly read—both by Hamilton and Madison, the former, at least, a statesman of consummate ability.

It was a great State paper, and has, ever since its utterance on the 17th September, 1796, been pointed at and studied as a classic in this country. No other President has ever written a message or address as famous, if we except Lincoln's G-ttyshurg speech.

Already Washington's chief fear seems to have been of the country's danger from partisanship. This he saw clearly. He hoped, he said, that "the counsels of an old and affectionate friend" might sometimes avail to "moderate the fury of party spirit, to warn against the mischiefs of foreign intrigue, and to guard against the impostures of pretended patriotism." He returns to the danger of party strife later, warning the people that it would "distract the public administration, agitate the community with ill-founded jealousies and kindred animosities"—*Ec.*

What Others Cannot Do For Us.

What you leave undone stays undone. Somebody else may do something else that takes its place, but that is not the thing which you were to do. It is a different thing, and the work you left undone is done. In the thing that is given you to do there is a touch of yourself which belongs to it, and which nobody else can give it. That will always be wanting if you leave it to another to do. As Longfellow wrote:

Ah! who shall lift the wand of magic power And the lost clue regain?  
The unfinished window in Aladdin's tower Unfinished must remain.

The charm of some old historic piece of furniture in your house is not only in what it is, as well in the thought of the hands that touched it in the making or the using. Even so there is to God in all good work the double value of the work itself and of the touch of the hands of his children on the work. It may be that, if we neglect a work, there will be somebody found to do it; but the touch of our hands upon it—who can supply that? There is never a one save ourselves for that. This will be forever wanting if we do not put it there.—*Ec.*

## TRIBUTE TO WASHINGTON.

No man ever stood for so much to his country and to mankind as George Washington. Hamilton, Jefferson, and Adams, Madison and Jay each represented some of the elements which formed the Union. Washington embodied them all. They fell at times under popular disapproval, were burned in effigy, were stoned, but he with unerring judgment was always the leader of the people. Milton said of Cromwell that "war made him great, peace greater." The superiority of Washington's character and genius was more conspicuous in the formation of our government and putting it on indestructible foundations, than in leading armies to victory and conquering the independence of his country.

"The Union in any event," is the central thought of his farewell address; and the years of his grand life were devoted to its formation and preservation. He fought as a youth with Braddock and in the capture of Fort Duquesne for the protection of the whole country. As commander-in-chief of the Continental army, his commission was from the Congress of the United Colonies.

He inspired the movement for the Republic, was the president and dominant spirit of the convention which framed its constitution, and its president for eight years, and guided its course until satisfied that, moving safely along the broad highway of time, it would be surely ascending toward the first place among the nations of the world, the asylum of the oppressed, the home of the free.

Do his countrymen exaggerate his virtues? Listen to the Guizot, the historian of civilization: "Washington did the two greatest things which in politics it is permitted to man to attempt. He maintained by peace the independence of his country which he conquered by war. He founded a free government in the name of the principles of order and by re-establishing their sway." Hear Lord Erskine, the most famous of English advocates: "You are the only being for whom I have an awful reverence." Remember the tribute of Charles James Fox, the greatest parliamentary orator who ever swayed the British House of Commons: "The illustrious man, before whom all borrowed greatness sinks into insignificance." Contemplate the character of Lord Brougham, pre-eminent for two generations in every department of human activity and thought, and then impress upon the memories of your children his deliberate judgment: "Until time shall be no more, will a test of the progress which our race has made in wisdom and virtue be derived from the veneration paid to the immortal name of Washington."

Chatham, who, with Clive, conquered an empire in the East, died brokenhearted at the loss of the empire in the West, by follies which even his power and eloquence could not prevent. Pitt saw the vast creations of his diplomacy shattered at Austerlitz, and fell murmuring: "My country! How I leave my country!" Napoleon caused a noble tribute to Washington to be read at the head of his armies; but, unable to rise to Washington's greatness, witnessed the vast structure erected by conquest and cemented by blood, to minister to his own ambition and pride, crumble into fragments, and an exile and a prisoner he breathed his last, babbling of battlefields and carnage. Washington, with his presence upon his pulse, felt the presence of death, and calmly reviewing the past and forecasting the future, answering to the summons of the grim messenger, "It is well," and as his mighty soul ascended to God, the land was deluged with tears and the world united in his eulogy. Blot out from the page of history the names of all the great actors of his time in the drama of nations, and preserve the name of Washington, and still the century would be renowned.—*Chauncey M. Depew.*

The four Kansas counties of Sumner, Barton, Rice and McPherson, produced more wheat last year than Illinois or Missouri.

Artificial wool made from turf fiber is now employed at Dusseldorf, Germany, for manufacturing cloth bandages, hats, rugs and so forth.

## Washington Kind and Lovable

Some people have said that Washington had few friends. They seem to have thought that he was too great and too austere a man for any one to be familiar with him. But this is a mistake. Washington had a great many friends. Some of them were the famous men of his time, some were humbler people, some were children, and some were Indians.

When he was a young man he spent a good deal of time out on the frontier, and the Indians seemed to have a great liking for him. Once when he was among them he wrote a letter to the governor in which he said: "The Indians are all around teasing and perplexing me for one thing or another, so that I scarce know what I write." Many years later he made a trip down the Ohio River, and there he met one of his old Indian acquaintances, Kiashto, for that was the man's name, was very glad to see him, and treated Washington's party with great kindness, gave them a quarter of very fine buffalo meat, and insisted on their staying with him over night.

It was one of the sorrows of Washington's life that he had no children of his own, but at different times he took care of at least nine of the children of his relatives. Sometimes he adopted them and had them live with him, and sometimes he provided the money for their living and education. Some of them gave him a good deal of trouble, but he was very kind to them all. And it was not alone the children of his relatives who were his friends. At one time during the war of the Revolution he visited the city of Providence, arriving there after midnight. The whole population turned out to see the general, and he was surrounded by a crowd of children carrying torches and pressing so closely about him that he could hardly pass through. Washington stopped a few minutes and said to a friend, "We may be beaten by the English, it is the chance of war; but behold an army which they can never conquer!"

Many of his friends were officers who served under him in the army, and other worked with him in the new government of the United States. In these ways he came to know most of the great Americans of his day, and many of them had a very warm affection for him, and he for them. General Greene was one of these good friends, and when he died Washington wrote to Mrs. Greene and offered to take their son and give him as good an education as the country would afford. Another man whom Washington loved, and who loved him, was General Lee,—"Light-horse Harry," as he was called. It was he who spoke of his great commander as "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

There were others among his officers, like Knox and Hamilton, whom Washington thought a great deal of, but perhaps the dearest of his army friends was Lafayette, the brave young Frenchman who left his home and crossed the Atlantic to fight for American liberty and independence. After the close of the war Lafayette visited Mount Vernon, and when the two were separated they wrote long and frequent letters to each other. Still later, when the French Revolution broke out and Lafayette was thrown into prison, he sent his son to America, and Washington took him into his house and treated him as if he were his own boy.

The truth is that the Father of his Country was a kindly, lovable man, who liked to have both big and little people for his friends.

One of the simplest and best remedies for coughs and colds is syrup or molasses, with vinegar enough to give it a sharp taste, and a small lump of butter. Heated until the butter dissolves and taken, two or three teaspoonsful before going to bed, it is great to allay throat irritation.



THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 103d Street and Broadway) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS.

One Copy, one year \$1.00  
If not paid within six months, 1.50

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Station M, New York.

Notices concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

"He's true to God, who's true to man:

Wherever wrong is done

To the instant and the instant

Neath the all beholding sun,

That wrong is also done to us,

And they are slaves most base,

Whose love of right is for themselves,

And not for all the race."

THE game of basket-ball requires a combination of strength and quick intelligence, self-control and endurance, skill and dexterity, courage and all around agility, besides the important essential of team-work—that is, five young men working with machine-like precision and harmony—in order to be well played. It is therefore a matter of pride to the deaf, that a team composed of deaf-mutes should have attained to so high a degree of excellence as to vanquish the representatives of New York City's celebrated university. The members of the "Silent Five," (which in reality numbers about ten, though only five constitute a team in a game, the overplus being reserves) are all graduates of the New York Institution, and products of its course in physical culture. Every one knows that the powers of the athlete can only be maintained by temperance and sobriety and careful living, and the good record of these young men means more than mere basket-ball victories over teams representing the great institutions of learning. It also means and shows that the system of education by which they were trained and taught is having for them a permanent value, and that they are examples of the oft-quoted motto: *mens sana in corpore sano*.

QUITE a beautifully printed book of about six hundred pages, has been received from Genova, Italy, through the courtesy of D. Silvio Monaci, to whom thanks are hereby extended. It is the history of the Royal National Institution for Deaf-Mutes, in Genova, and besides the interesting record of a noble institution, it is handsomely illustrated with portraits of prominent persons who are or have been identified with the work, half-tone reproductions of buildings and their interiors, as well as the commemorative statuary of the Institution, and a large four-page panoramic view of the city of Genova. The book is eight by twelve inches in page-size, and the finest coated paper and splendid typography—which, by the way, was done at the school—makes it a most valuable and copious contribution to the literature of the deaf.

Letter from Rev. Dr. Gallaudet.

112 West 78th Street,  
New York, Feb. 9, 1902.

DEAR MR. HODGSON:—Please allow me to express through the JOURNAL, my appreciation of all the kind messages which have come to me from many friends. They have cheered me up and done me good, and I am very thankful for all these friendly remembrances. On the day after Christmas I was suffering from a severe heart trouble and it seemed I was near the end of my earthly pilgrimage. But in answer to prayers and the physicians' skill, a change came and slow improvement set in. I am now permitted to go down stairs and back once a day, but have not been out of the house yet.

St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes and all connected with it are constantly in my thoughts and prayers. I am gratified to know that so many are earnestly working to sustain the Church which has done so much for the deaf-mutes of New York City.

Affectionately,  
THOMAS GALLAUDET.

GALLAUDET COLLEGE.

Coasting Down Patterson Hill.

THE FOOT BALL HEROES.

Items of Interest.

From our Regular Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 10.—The cold, ice and snow, which set in before our last writing, has continued throughout the past week in spite of the fact that Old Sol was beaming most of the time. The students and co-eds took advantage of the opportunity by skating or coasting at every available moment. As a result of this, two of the students are now strutting around with bruised heads. They got up rather early one morning, and with bobbed repaired over to Patterson Hill where they shot the natural chute again and again. But the snow and ice had frozen over a greater part of the hill the previous night, consequently the bobbed shot down with greater velocity. Finally, the Sophomore, who guided the sled, lost control of it and ran into a small tree when the speed was greatest. One of the occupants was thrown heels over head some distance, one side of the sled was ripped off and the tree laid low. That unfortunate Sophomore, in the van, almost snapped his spine when his head came in contact with the tree, so great was the velocity. He lay senseless for some seconds then got up and was assisted home. A day or two previous to the above occurrence, one of the co-eds was slightly injured in a similar manner but not so seriously. Some of them are now indisposed and prefer skating or coasting behind the Kendall School Dormitory. The little pond behind the stable makes it possible for us to enjoy skating right here on Kendall Green. This is in a large measure due to the condition of the snow, frozen as hard as ice.

As we had predicted, the dance given by the students to the football team in Chapel Hall, Friday evening, February 7th, was a very swell affair. The ball-room (at other times our dining-room) was decorated with buff and blue flags and bunting. There were also potted plants in evidence everywhere, while a real foot-ball dangled from the central chandelier. Mr. Wyand, '02, the student-artist, had executed some pretty work on the slates in Chapel Hall, relative to foot-ball days. For those who could not or would not dance, games were provided, and so everyone was kept busy amusing himself. The regulation ice-cream and cake were served during the intermission. As for Adam's ale, well, none was served. A whole tankful of the refreshing beverage stood in a convenient nook, and everyone was privileged to help himself to as much as he desired. Music was furnished by Dr. Gallaudet, Prof. Day, Mrs. Hotchkiss, Misses Peet, Bell and Lee. The programmes were of a different style, which made them more convenient. Capt. Waters, '02, and his partner, Miss Ritchie, '02, stood in the center of the ball-room right under the oval, which he had kicked and abused so much during the past five years, while the grand march was in progress. Below we append a list of the dances:

Grand March.....The Conquerors.  
1. Waltz.....Fleeting Days  
2. Two-Step.....Foxy Quiller  
3. Waltz.....When Knights was in Flower.  
4. Two-Step.....Varsity Girl.  
5. Waltz.....Valse Bluet.  
6. Two-Step.....Mit Eichenlaub und Eichenkranz.  
7. Waltz.....The Dawn of Love.

INTERMISSION 20 MINUTES.

March.....El Capitain.  
8. Two-step.....Dolly Varden.  
9. Waltz.....Mignola.  
10. Two-Step.....Creole Belles.  
11. Waltz.....Janice Meredith.  
12. Waltz.....Flora dora.  
13. Two-Step.....Wedding of Ruben and the Maid.  
14. Waltz.....Runaway Girl.

Besides the above, the card contained the names of the foot-ballists, who composed the first eleven, the past season. They are too well-known to be given again. The committee that engineered the whole affair deserves much praise, because nearly everyone pronounced it a most enjoyable time, some going so far as to say it was the best dance given in the college building for a long time. It is to be regretted that the names of Messrs. Northern and Rosson, '02, and of Prof. E. y, were omitted by an oversight from the programs. The committee was composed of J. Clark, '02, chairman; B. S. Foreman, '03, Arthur Roberts, '04, Clyde Stevens, '05, J. H. Burgherr, I. C.

One day, last week, residents on the Green, whose sense of hearing is still theirs, were somewhat startled by a loud rumbling noise. The report was soon current that the earth had quaked, and you ought to have seen how many of us quak-

ed with fear. But, as the shades of night were falling fast, the evening dailies came with the news that an explosion of nitro-glycerine at a place in Maryland, eight miles distant, had occurred. It is needless to say that the quaking on our part suddenly ceased.

Evidently, the University of Virginia does not relish the action our athletic association has taken in severing further relations in athletics. The Washington Post, some time ago, contained a statement to the effect that the Virginia alumni in this city have requested the faculty of their alma mater to investigate the causes which led Georgetown and Gallaudet to quit playing at Charlottesville. The manager of our team and President Gallaudet have also received letters, requesting an explanation. We are aware that no explanations are necessary, but that Virginia knows perfectly well the why and wherefore of our action. If the authorities at Virginia have any sense of honor and judgment, they will undoubtedly take steps to effect a change. At any rate it will be very hard for Virginia to get us to Charlottesville again, by means of promises, since Virginia can no longer be taken for her word. That is very bad for a university and worse still for such an old and well-known one like Virginia. The blame for such rottenness and dishonesty much largely rests with the faculty, for it is they who permit it. Our faculty would never consent to such conduct, as was noticed at Charlottesville last fall, when our team went there for the last time.

The G. C. A. A met again last Wednesday, to consider some changes in the Constitution and By-Laws, which a committee had adopted and put on the table, the previous Wednesday. After some discussion, it was voted not to accept the new rules, but, to request that the committee frame better ones.

All the Seniors have, at last, passed their examinations in Logic, and you need not wonder when you see the dust, a thousandth of an inch thick on their text books, which rest undisturbed with their Geometry, Virgil, etc.

The S. N. D. C is now making ready to give a play on the college stage, March 8th. It will be a pantomime; the title, "Pot-Pourri," as suggested by John H. Keiser.

The Crescent Deaf-Mute Association, of this city, has requested the White Statue Stock Company of Gallaudet College to give its famous pantomime at Carroll Institute on Tenth Street, February 28th. Tickets are now on sale, and the company is rehearsing daily.

George G. W. Andree must be very popular in Washington society. He receives invitation upon invitation to balls and dances, and he can hardly fulfill his obligations. Much of this popularity can be traced to feats on the gridiron. Had he been an ordinary player he would have been lost in the common herd. As it is, more lovers of sport in town and elsewhere know him by sight than can be counted on one's fingers many times over. It often happens that while on the streets of Washington some fellow would yell out, "Hello, Andree, how are you?" and Mr. Andree would look long and hard in a vain attempt to recognize his hail fellow well met. These are often the means by which his circle of friends steadily increases. No doubt he will be somewhat missed by all friends of Gallaudet next year, during the fall and spring.

Miss Annabelle Stout, a graduate of last year, is here on a visit. She is staying with Miss Zell, '02, and incidentally renewing acquaintances besides making new ones. She leaves for Baltimore to-day to spend a week with a friend.

John H. Clark, '02, assayer, chemist, ex-cowboy, broncho-buster, jack of all trades and master of none, artist, editor, cook, champion author, etc., etc., is in receipt of a mountain lion's skull from Utah. He says it is to adorn the head of his lion's skin. Students should come to see it next June, for it will not be done earlier.

Mr. Clark is also receiving, from time to time, all kinds of stones from Utah, which he treats with chemicals in the laboratory to ascertain their mineral properties. He is going to be a miner, geologist and United States departmental clerk. He is going to accumulate a fortune and show the world that deaf-mutes can do something. Success to him. Gilbert O. Erickson, '03, whom we have learned to recognize as G. O. E., shows that true Norwegian blood flows in his veins. Recently he made a fine pair of skis and can now be seen daily skiing on the snow crust.

Miss Ashby Lyle is here from Frederick, Md.

Dr. E. A. Fay lectured to the students last Saturday evening for one hour. Subject, "Slavery in the U. S. from 1820-1850." It was well received, for Dr. Fay's reputation as a lecturer is very well established.

Among the books purchased by the "Lit" library was an "Autobiography of Benj. Franklin." Some of the students looked on every page of the book to discover the author's name. If they had studied Greek they would not have made such dupes of themselves.

It is very gratifying to us to know that the editor of the Minnesota Companion takes the trouble to peruse our short epistles to the Deaf World, and more still, that he should devote some space in his paper to commenting on a casual remark. But we wish to state that our esteemed contemporary breaks one of the rules in Logic, which makes his comment less sarcastic. He concludes that the Buff and Blue board is infallible, because we said that the Board's recent action of cutting off institution papers was right. He concludes something about the whole which is said of the particular. This is not logical, to be sure, and we hope our contemporary will profit by this reminder.

Anent the Chapter controversy by some Alumni of Gallaudet College which is going on in the Buff and Blue we wish to say a little. Both sides, Chicago and Minnesota, seem to be more or less in the wrong and we would be pleased to see the differences amicably settled at no distant day. If they do not, some one will step in and do it for them, like the big boy who deigned which of the two little boys owned the nut, when one of them first saw it, but the other one ran and picked it up first.

February 8th, 1892, the Old Women's Literary Society (is that it?) was founded, and to commemorate the glorious event the present members of that unique club gave a domino party—a progressive game. There were two prizes offered, but no booby prize, as the O. W. L. S. were supposed to be wise. Miss Peet developed to be the wisest owl, and Miss Zell, '02, wiser than all except the wisest. Our fair informant tell us that refreshments were served, but what we were not given an inkling. Let's thank our lucky stars that we were not compelled to partake of the viands that sustain the night prowling "Hook-mons!"

W. F. SCHNEIDER.

Expansion Of The Saracen Empire.

Over ten years perseverance in his mission had involved Mahomet and his adherents in enmity, trouble and persecution so that they were almost outlaws in Mecca. Some of them crossed the Red Sea into Abyssinia for a safer asylum. Pilgrims who had come to Mecca from Medina were more open to conviction and many of them believed in the prophet. The people there were mixed Jews, Christians and idolaters. In Medina the Jews, after hearing him, became more and more convinced that Mahomet was the expected Messiah they were waiting for. They avowed their conviction and made a profession of the faith of Islam. Subsequently finding that Mahomet and his followers ate of the flesh of camels and other animals forbidden by their law, they apostatized from it as an unclean religion.

Mahomet acquired the good will of tribal chiefs and leading men of Medina and became firmly established. From this time on converts increased rapidly. He built the first Mosque and made a rule for prayers to be said five times a day. He instituted the muzzelin, or daily call to prayers. He was strenuous in enforcing the importance of it. Said he: "Angels come among you both night and day, after which those of the night ascend to heaven and God asks them how they left his creatures? We found them," say they, "at their prayers, and we left them at their prayers."

Mahomet now declared the sword to be the instrument of faith. Said he: "The sword is the key of heaven and hell. All who draw it in the cause of faith will be rewarded, and every drop of blood shed will be registered on high. If they fall in battle their sins will at once be blotted out, and they will immediately be transported to paradise, there to revel in eternal pleasures in the arms of beautiful black eyed houri."

The first acts of war was the attacks on and plunder of the caravans of the Korish. One of them, 1,000 camels returning loaded with goods from Syria to Mecca. The travelling load of a camel is 400 pounds. So the spoils in goods, weapons and camels was great. Prisoners were taken and more money afterwards accrued from their ransom. To inflame the cupid-ity and greed of his followers, Mahomet decreed a division of all plunder. Four-fifths were portioned to the captors and the other one-fifth to his own treasury. This established a precedent for the division of loot taken in war which was followed by the caliphs and centuries afterwards was followed by the Turks in their invasions of Christian nations. A paradise in the arms of sensual pleasures robbed death of its terrors. And greed for the accumulation of plunder drew the fighting hordes of the desert to the standard of the prophet and the embrace of Islam.

An envoy was sent to Syria to invite that country to accept the Moslem faith. The envoy was murdered and a strong expedition was sent to avenge his death. It resulted in victory and great plunder came with it. Ten thousand men were sent to capture Mecca, which falling into the hands of Mahomet,

his power soon spread over all Arabia. The prospect of conquest and a division of the spoils of war smoothed down the enmity of the Korish and they became reconciled to Mahomet and accepted his faith. There were 360 images of idolatry in the Caaba, one for each day in the Arabian year. By orders of the prophet, all idols, wherever found, were broken up and destroyed. In 632 Mahomet set out with an army of 10,000 horse and 20,000 foot to invade Syria. On the way he is said to have died of poison administered in some meat by a Hebrew girl. He left daughters, but his two sons had died in infancy. He was succeeded by Abu Beker, the father of Ayesha. He took the title of Caliph and, after a rule of something over two years, died while the conquest of Syria was in progress, Bosra and Irak having been taken, and Damascus was besieged.

In those early times cities and strongholds were surrounded by thick and high walls. The walls of most cities must have been at least fifty feet high. Some cities may have had walls 100 feet high. The walls of ancient Babylon are said to have been over 300 feet high, and so wide on top that four four-horse chariots could race abreast on the wall. When a city was besieged, if the walls were not too high, ladders and movable towers were used for men to climb up and scale the walls. Battering rams, huge tree trunks swung in derrick frames, were also used to batter down the walls. To repel such attacks the defenders on the walls were provided with stones to beat down and keep the besiegers at a distance. Both sides had archers who fought with bows, arrows and ballistae. If such assaults were useless the attacking force settled down to a prolonged siege lasting for months or years. The object was to prevent the entrance of food and to reduce the people inside the walls to starvation and compel them to surrender.

Omar Ibn al Khattab succeeded Abu Beker, as second Caliph. During his reign of eleven years, it is said 36,000 castles, towns and strongholds were conquered in Palestine, Persia and Egypt. The one-fifth part of the plunder, which came to the Caliph's treasury, was enormous, and thousands of camels were kept busy conveying it to Medina. When Madayne, the Persian capital, was taken, the Caliph's share of the pillage was enough to heavily load nearly 1,000 camels. The spoils included gold, jewels, diamonds, clothing, regalia of the palace, and rare rugs worked in gold. Isphahan and other towns yielded their proportion of loot also. Omar, and the Caliphs who came after him, used the plunder which came to their treasury in building new cities, innumerable mosques, and enriched their friends as they pleased. It was a precept of the Koran to help the poor, and they were never turned away empty handed. Conquered provinces were made to pay tribute and were put under the government of emirs or viceroys, subject to the Caliph.

Asia Minor and Palestine were provinces of the Eastern Empire. The walled cities, Damascus, Basleeb, Emessa, Tyre, Yermonk, Aleppo, Antioch, and Jerusalem, all capitulated to the Moslem arms. The troops of the Greek Emperor were beaten everywhere and driven into their capital at Constantinople. The all-conquering Saracens now had three armies in the field. One army ravaged Asia Minor and the countries along the Euphrates. A second army overran Persia, drove King Yesdegerd to flight, and he is said to have been killed while sleeping in a mill, by the miller, who coveted the riches of his personal adornment. A third army invaded Egypt, captured Memphis and Alexandria.

In the destruction of the great Alexandrian Library, authorities differ. One authority says it was at this time destroyed by the Arab vandals. It was a vast collection of written manuscripts of great historical value. The library was begun by Ptolemy Soter, and added to by his successors to 400,000 volumes in one building, 300,000 in another, and Cleopatra is said to have contributed 200,000 volumes given her by Marc Antony. Another authority, however, says that the Alexandrian Library was founded by Ptolemy Philadelphus 284 B. C. That during the siege of Alexandria by Julius Caesar 47 B. C., it was partly destroyed by fire; that this part was afterwards replaced by the Cleopatra collection. That the other part of the library, kept in the temple of Jupiter Serapis, remained until 391 A. D., when the Emperor Theodosius permitted all the heathen temples in the Roman Empire to be destroyed; that the entire library was at that time destroyed by a Christian mob led on by Archbishop Theophilus.

Among the Persians brought as slaves to Medina was one Firuz, of the sect of the Magi, or fire worshippers. This man watched his chance and assassinated Omar by three thrusts of his dagger, as he was praying in the mosque. Othman Ibn Affan, third Caliph, sent an army to conquer the countries in Northern Africa, now known as Morocco, Algiers, Tunis, Tripoli

and Barea. A fleet was established on the Mediterranean. Malta and Crete were looted. The Island of Rhodes was captured and the famous Colossus, the statue of brass, was broken up and shipped to Alexandria, where a Jew of Edissa bought it. The fragments were enough to load 900 camels. Othman was murdered in his own house by disaffected tribesmen, 655 A. D.

Ali, fourth Caliph, was husband of Mahomet's daughter, Fatima. He was assassinated 660 A. D., while on his way to Syria to quell a revolt against his authority. Hassan, son of Ali, became fifth Caliph, but Moawyah, viceroy of Syria, had contested for the caliphate against his father, and now contested against himself. Because of a threatened split Hassan yielded to Moawyah, who established his government at Damascus and built a great mosque. A mosque was also built at Jerusalem, on the site of Solomon's Temple.

Moawyah founded the dynasty of the Omniades, who ruled until the seat of government was removed to Bagdad, where it remained for nearly 500 years. After 749 A. D. the successors to the caliphate were known as the Abbassides, whose ancestor Abbas, was an uncle of Mahomet. The dynasty of Abbas ruled at Bagdad until the extinction of the Saracen Empire in 1258, and their spiritual rule was continued in Egypt until the Turkish Sultan Selim I., conquered the Mamelukes, in 1517. Selim there found the Moslem Caliph and induced him to transfer the caliphate to him and to his Ottoman successors.

In half a century the Saracens were in control of a vast empire. In 100 years from the Hegira, the Moslem dominions extended northward from the Gulf of Aden to the Caucasus; westward from Tartary across Persia, the Bible countries and Asia Minor to the Hell-spout, and from India across Arabia and northern Africa to the Pillars of Hercules. The Arabs and Moors became mixed as one people and overran Spain. The fear of the Saracens was the terror of Europe, which was threatened with subjugation to Mahometan dominion and religion. The invaders plunged into battle in utter contempt for death, and their shouts, the dread war cry, "Allah Achbar" was paralyzing. Crossing into Gaul the Moslem fanatics met their match in stout-hearted Charles Martel, Duke of France, who defeated them with immense slaughter. In a second battle the Saracens were thoroughly whipped and pursued out of France. They never again made an attack on Western Europe. This was in 714 A. D.

In Moslem literature the most famous Caliph was Haroun al Raschid, about 800 A. D. He caused the works of the most celebrated authors to be translated into Arabic, and paid princely salaries to learned men from all countries who came to Bagdad. The first Caliphs were men accustomed to the simplicity of desert life, surrounded by their flocks and herds. Their house furnishings were little more than a rug on the floor to sit on and sleep on. A bottle of water and a supply of dates often satisfied them for an entire meal. The later Caliphs became luxurious and effeminate and amounted to little. Al Mostasem was full of his own self-love and vanity. His pride was so great that he considered his people unworthy to look at him, and in public he usually appeared veiled. Huluku, grandson of Genghis Khan, captured Bagdad in 1258. He had Al Mostasem put in a leather sack and dragged on the streets of the city until dead. This event terminated the Saracen Empire, which had been in decadence long before.

The Mahometan religion remained and its professors, according to latest estimate, now number about 150,000,000 souls. It is the prevailing religion of part of India, Arabia, Northern Africa, Turkey in Europe, and Asia, the Holy Land, Persia, Turkestan, Afghanistan and Beloochistan. When Sultan Selim I., induced the last Abbasside Caliph in Egypt to transfer the caliphate to him and his Ottoman successors, he took, with the title, the possession of the sacred standard, sword, and mantle of the prophet Mahomet, and of all the other visible insignia of the office of a caliph. This gave the Turkish Sultans added importance as spiritual rulers, for the faithful regarded the Caliphs as the Zil Ullah, or Shadow of God, on earth. Since 1517 A. D., Constantinople has been the headquarters of Mahometanism, and whatever authority there may be, has vested in the Turkish Sultans, who have succeeded each other as Caliphs, ex-officio.

The Moslems, like other sects, became divided by schisms. One sect, the Sunnites, acknowledge the prophet and all the Caliphs who came after him and all the doctrines they promulgated. The Shiis, a Persian sect, repudiate the Caliphs Abu Beker, Omar and Othman, the immediate successors of the prophet. The Wahabees, a sect in Arabia, made war on other Moslems who held tenets opposing their own. They became the ruling power in Arabia, but were subdued by the Sunni Turkish Sultan Mahmood II., about a century ago. Another sect, the Babists, was started in 1842 by the Persian Sage, the Babi

Saint Beha Ullah, the "Glory of God." He called himself the Bab, or Gate, and became the head of a vast reform party of Persian Moslems, who accept the New Testament as the word of God, and Christ as the deliverer of men.

The teachings of the Bab are embodied in his book, the Kitabi Akdas, which says: "The establishment of the Kingdom of God on earth is in fulfillment of the truth which Christ foretold. That Christ's mission was to preach the coming of the Kingdom of God; that Beha Ullah was the manifestation of God; that Christ accomplished the spiritual awakening by which the hearts of men were fitted and made ready to comprehend the teachings of the Beha; that all nations should become of one faith, all men as brothers; that diversity of religion should cease, difference of race be annulled; that fruitless strifes and ruinous wars shall pass away and the "Most Great Peace" shall come; that Christ was a prophet; that His mission was performed when He had foretold the coming of the Beha Ullah; that His followers worship Him and forget His mission, etc., etc."

The believers in the Bab say: "That Mahomet came and his people worshipped him instead of accepting the truths he came to impart; that Mahomet's teachings, say what you will, are a distinct advance on Christianity; that he did not tolerate the doctrine of the Trinity, but declared there is but one God; that those who believe in their teachings of the Bab accept this as the truth: that both Mahomet and the Bab taught a more advanced morality than Christ, that is, they amplified what He taught, and added new truths for which the world was not ready in His time."

All of which exemplifies the Saviour's prophecy of the continued coming of anti-Christ, to which class the Moslem prophet, the Mormon prophet and the Persian Beha, all belong. If their coming and divine mission had been foretold from the fall of Adam, as Christ's was, if they had performed the miracles Christ did, and if they had ascended to heaven bodily as Christ did, then we might believe in the doctrines. As it is, we build our faith firmly on the Trinity. Somewhere back in the centuries, before the invention of gunpowder, a certain Jew proclaimed himself the Messiah. A certain Sultan, to put him to the test, made him stand off as a mark for his archers, expecting, if he was what he claimed to be, that the arrows would rebound from his body. The Jew dared not stand the test and confessed himself a fraud, and after that he was glad to accept menial service in the Sultan's kitchen.

THE OTHER SMITH.

Prince Henry at the Eden Musee.

Two new and elaborate wax groups have been placed on exhibition at the Eden Musee and are attracting much attention. One is an excellent wax figure of Prince Henry, who will be royally entertained in this country in a few days. The figure was made from accurate data secured from Berlin just before the Prince sailed. His costume is an exact reproduction of the military suit that will be worn here while calling upon President Roosevelt in Washington. The second group is entitled "Our Martyred Presidents." It stands in the Entrance Hall and occupies a special alcove. Against a broken column stands an excellent figure of President Lincoln. At his left sits President McKinley. The greatest care has been taken in making these figures perfect in every detail. The background is appropriately draped and above the column is a bronze statue representing History Enlightening Youth. This group, while placed on exhibition as a special attraction for Lincoln's Birthday, will remain a permanent group at the Musee. A continual effort is being made at the Musee to get new attractions, and one of the results is that four new series of moving pictures have been secured from Paris. Each series is made up of a number of mysterious pictures. One of these series will be added to the present collection each week, commencing with next week, so that the number of mysterious pictures shown each day is practically doubled. These new pictures are the most wonderful received at the Musee and show all sorts of impossible happenings that cause visitors to think ghosts, fairies and sorcerers are quite common and natural. Exhibitions of moving pictures are given hourly day and evening, and a different series is shown each hour. Many of the pictures are comic, while others show historical scenes and incidents. Afternoon and evening concerts are given daily, and the Musee is gradually becoming one of the popular musical centers of the city.

After a pleasant visit with Mr. and Mrs. Peter Witschier, of Port Jervis, N. Y., Mrs. Oscar Merrill went to Easton Pa., where she was joined by Mr. Merrill, who brought her to her home in Mid-daghs, Pa.



## NEW YORK.

### Two Hearts that Beat as One.

#### A BIRTHDAY DINNER.

#### Good Basket Ball—Other News

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or on a postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

A very pretty wedding took place last week, Wednesday, February 5th, the contracting parties being Miss Dora Elizabeth Litterer, of this city, and Mr. Albert Joseph Hockstahl, of Yonkers, N. Y. The ceremony was performed at the residence of the bride, 594 Second Avenue, and was carried out under the rites of the Protestant Episcopal Church, by the Rev. John Chamberlain, Curate of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes. Promptly at eight o'clock, the bride, leaning on the arm of her father, followed by the bridesmaid, Miss Annie Litterer and then by the groom with the groomsmen, Mr. Robert E. Maynard, entered the parlors, which were filled with the many relatives and friends of the contracting parties. After the ceremony had been performed and congratulations given, an excellent wedding breakfast was served, and afterwards the guests enjoyed a social. The wedding presents were many and varied, and in every case useful. At ten o'clock the newly-wedded pair departed, (with some difficulty to the groom) along with other friends residing in Yonkers, to catch the 10:30 train on the New York Central at 42d Street, amid showers of rice and the hearty good wishes for happiness and prosperity. Mr. and Mrs. Hockstahl are pleasantly located at 175 Beech Street, Yonkers, N. Y., where they have already started housekeeping, and will be at home to their friends after the first of March. About forty guests were present at the wedding, several of whom were deaf-mutes.

A "Dinner Party" was tendered by Mr. Simon Hirsch, Jr., in honor of his birthday last Saturday night. The party would have occurred at his home, but unfortunately his father was ill, so he arranged with one of the chefs of the Waldorf-Astoria, whose name is Barney Morchland and has a fine restaurant on Third Avenue. At 8:30 o'clock those who were invited assembled together and exchanged words of greeting until nine o'clock, when all gathered around the broad table amid fine eatables.

**MENU.**  
Oysters on half shells  
Soup  
Celery Olives Pickles  
Baked Blue Fish—Stewed Potatoes Cream  
Chicken Croquette Beef  
Green Peas Parsiian Potatoes  
Fillet Beef and Mushroom Sauce  
Lettuce Salad  
Cream Potatoes Assorted Cakes  
Ice-cream Cafe Noir  
Imported Cigars Champagne  
Chartreuse

Mr. Simon Hirsch is a business man connected with the firm of Hirsch Bros., Furriers, at 140 Greene Street. Having been in that business for some years, and always successful. He is popular in deaf circles. Graduated from the Lexington Avenue School. Is an intelligent young man and has a mild disposition.

Among his intimate friends, who were invited, were: Messrs. S. Hirsch, Jr., Samuel Lowenberg, Abraham L. Marks, Edward Rappaport, Louis A. Cohen, L. Metzger, Samuel Gomprecht and Irwin Oppenheimer. Some more would have attended, but could not, owing to previous engagements.

Toasts were tendered, and conversation helped pass the time away up to the "wee sma" hours, and all departed for their homes, assuring Mr. Hirsch that they had had a grand time, although the gentler sex was not represented.

Mr. Hirsch is in receipt of numerous presents.

At a meeting of the Lexington Athletic Association, at the Deaf-Mute Union League Club's rooms last Saturday evening, at which Chairman Kenner presided, the following candidates for the base ball and foot ball teams—Season 1902 were nominated. For manager of the base ball team—Samuel Lowenberg vs. Samuel Goldberg. For captain—George Wigley vs. Alexander Eisenberg. For manager of the foot ball team—Marcus L. Kenner vs. Samuel Goldberg. For captain—Morrison J. Darrell, Jr., vs. Henry Miller. The election for will be held at some future date.

The Rev. Dr. H. A. Johnson, of Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, where the deaf attend Sunday services, is negotiating for the purchase of a building in East 82d Street, with a view to carrying on the Church's benevolence there.

The "Silent Five" played a great game of basket ball last Saturday night, at the Grand Central Palace. Their opponents were the team which represents Columbia University, and from start to finish the deaf-mutes had the collegians guessing. The first half was well contested, and the friends of the "Silent Five" were afraid they might be beaten. All doubt vanished in the second half, when Dyer appeared and in rapid succession threw five goals. The team work of both the college boys and their deaf opponents was exceptionally good. Below is the score:

"SILENT FIVE" (25)	COLUMBIA (13)
Rappolt right forward	Earle
McVea left forward	Van Sholly
Dyer centre	Goodman
Ryan right guard	O'Connell
Avens left guard	Taylor
Munch left guard	Elias
Reiff	

Goals from field—Dyer 5; Ryan 1; Munch 1; and Reiff 1; Earle 1; O'Connell 1; Taylor 1; and Elias 1. Goals from fouls—Ryan 1; O'Connell 1. Time—Mr. Diego. Score—Mr. Raynor Referee—G. T. Hepburn. Umpire—C. W. Van Tassel.

A party was given to the 5-year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Luke Sullivan, on her birthday, last Saturday evening. Her deaf and hearing friends were invited to the party. There was conversation and dancing. She received many presents from her friends. A fine supper was served to them. Five red candles were set on the birthday cake. Those present were: Mr. Robert Harth, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Frey and their daughter, Miss M. Canon, Mr. and Mrs. Sabath, Mr. and Mrs. Cox, Mrs. Denvin, Mr. and Mrs. Roberts, Mrs. M. Hanna, Mr. and Mrs. Schief.

Miss Hanatha Henry, of Brooklyn, N. Y., is slowly improving, and is now on the road to recovery. Her sister, Miss Katie Henry, came to Brooklyn, N. Y. from Lake Huntington, N. Y., last week, for the purpose of taking good care of her. Mrs. M. Leary returned to Tarrytown, N. Y., on Friday last, after two weeks' nursing. Miss Mary A. Riley, of Newburgh, N. Y., made a short call on Miss Henry, on Sunday afternoon last, and gave her a bunch of lovely and sweet flowers. Miss Riley returned to Newburgh on a late train.

The Hollywood Club of Deaf-Mutes has secured the Guild Rooms of St. Ann's Church, for the evening of Saturday, April 19th, when they will reproduce the play "The Sailor's Reward," which was so successful when produced on the evening of December 5th last. The proceeds will be for the benefit of the New York Guild of Silent Workers. An advertisement will appear later in the columns of this paper.

The wonderful recovery of Rev. Dr. Gallaudet from what seemed a fatal illness, is commented upon with gladness by all of his deaf friends—which means every deaf-mute that knows him. We all hope to see him in St. Ann's when the beautiful days of springtime are here.

Don't forget the St. Valentine Party in the Guild Rooms of St. Ann's to-morrow (Friday) evening. The price of admission covers refreshments, and is only twenty-five cents. Children under twelve will be admitted for ten cents and will get the ice cream and cake without extra charge.

On Saturday evening, at Majestic Hall, the New York Deaf-Mute Athletic Club Ball takes place. It promises to be a fine affair, with a good attendance. The hall is on 125th Street between Lexington and Park Avenues.

Rumors that Luther Taylor is a contract jumper are erroneous. He has signed with the New York League Club, and will play in this city when the season opens. He is now on a hunting trip in Kansas.

Mr. Lyman H. Metzger, represented the Lexington A. A., at the recent skating Carnival of the Pawnee A. C., held at Clermont Avenue Rink Brooklyn.

A case of measles is reported to have developed in the Kindergarten of the Lexington Avenue School last week, as a result of which death claimed a little girl.

All deaf-mutes organizations will take notice that "Brooklyn Deaf-Mutes' Club" has engaged Ridgewood grove for a Picnic on the 5th July.

Mr. Chester Q. Mann, layreader, conducted the services at St. Ann's last Sunday. His sign delivery was excellent, both in the lesson and the hymns.

Sympathy is extended to Fred. W. Meinken on the death of his father, who passed away a few days since, aged sixty-six years.

Mr. Jacob Keiber, Jr., formerly vice president, wishes it known that he has resigned a member of the Deaf-Mutes Union League.

Samuel M. Brown is sick in the New York Hospital. His trouble is an aemic condition of the blood.

Miss Lucy A. Greene has returned to the city from her country home in Connecticut.

## PHILADELPHIA.

### "When Knighthood was in Flower."

#### BASKET BALL VICTORY.

#### Brevities.

News items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1538 Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mrs. Geo. T. Sanders entertained the members of the Clero Literary Association with a reading, the subject of which was "When Knighthood Was in Flower," last Thursday evening, 6th of February. It was a kind of treat which the members desire oftener. We believe it was Mrs. Sanders, first delivery before the Association, and therefore, we may expect more from her, and hope that other ladies will follow her example. The selection of her subject, too, which was nothing more than an historical novel, was one that was sure to interest her audience, and so it was well chosen. After a hard day's work, most deaf crave for entertainment rather than for philosophical instruction at such a meeting. Mrs. Sanders must have known it, and thus succeeded admirably in her first effort. Her delivery was also very clear, womanly, and graceful—so much so that it was no wonder that her happy yokemate, who formed part of the audience, was entitled to the credit of having the most dilated chest, at least, at that time. Congratulations, sir!

Our deepest sympathy goes out to our bereaved friends, Mr. and Mrs. Edward D. Wilson, who, on Wednesday, February 5th, lost their youngest child—the pet of the family and of the older generation. Edward D., Jr., a lovable and plump, healthy boy, who had just rounded his third year, was suddenly taken ill on the day mentioned, and died in the evening. The parents have still two small boys on whom to bestow their affection. The funeral of Edward D., Jr., was held on Friday afternoon, 7th, at 1:40 o'clock, from his parents' home, and the interment was at Mount Sinai Cemetery. Mrs. Thomas Breen and Mrs. J. S. Reider attended the funeral. Probably many other friends of Mr. and Mrs. Wilson did not hear of the death in time to attend it.

The Lenten season is once more upon us. As usual, All Souls' will have short services every Wednesday evening throughout Lent. All will be welcome to attend. The Philadelphia deaf may find these services very profitable, and we urge as many as can to attend them. Rev. Mr. Koehler usually gives practical talks at these services.

The following committee is charged with the work of arranging one or more excursions or picnics for the Clero Literary Association the coming summer:—Charles M. Penueil, Chairman; Henry E. Smith and Howard E. Arnold.

The Executive Committee of the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf, will send out a circular containing the reports of the Board of Trustees and the Society Treasurer, and other matter.

The new Gallaudet Club will most likely organize permanently in March.

Miss Bella Remmey made a short visit to Atlantic City, on Saturday.

Thomas Breen has been called back to his position which he lost a few weeks ago. He, however, thinks that when the rush of business is over, he will be given a free balloon ride.

Somehow "Bob White," who reported the party given to us in the last issue, gave the chief credit to the wrong person. In justice, let us say that Miss Katie Eisele planned the party and took all the responsibility. The others mentioned by "Bob White" assisted. Miss Eisele very satisfactorily. Indeed, we were highly pleased with the excellent arrangements made. We have seen a proof of the flashlight picture taken and found it very successful.

Basket-ball.—The St. Ann's Champions, of Richmond, contested with the Apollo Five, at Lehigh Avenue and Cedar Street, last Saturday. The Apollos won by the score of 26 to 18. The features of the game were the playing of Captain Brown and Chestnut for the Apollos, and Cooney and Corkey for St. Ann's.

The line-up was as follows:

APOLLO FIVE.	ST. ANN'S.
Weney	Corkey
J. Brown	Forward
A. Brown	Centre
Chestnut	Guard
Smith	Guard

Goals from field—Weney 2; Chestnut 2; J. Brown 4; A. Brown 2; Smith 1; Cooney 3; J. Campbell 1; Rely 1. Goals from foul—Smith 4; Cooney 3; Foul—Chestnut 2; J. Brown 2; Weney 1; A. Brown 1; Campbell 3; Cooney 2; Corkey 1. Time—Halves 20 minutes. Referee—Cowan.

The approach of Spring is reviving bass-ball talk. The same men who now play basket ball are the leaders in the base ball playing here every

summer. They live and play way up town. Meetings of the ball players will be held every Friday evening from now on, at the house of John Brown, 1902 East Clearfield Street. Manager George Cowan has removed from Kensington to 4707 Cambridge Street, Frankford, Pa.

John McEvilly, of Chester, has got a position as machinist at Cramp's ship-yard, according to report.

Lawrence Snyder, of Lancaster, Pa., has also obtained work in the city.

James B. George's barber shop at 2564 East Clearfield Street, will hereafter be the polling place of the 10th Division of the 25th Ward. Mr. George is a deaf-mute. The Apollo Five are scheduled to play the St. Ann's again, on February 21st, when the latter hope to redeem themselves.

Mr. Michael Higgins' son's daughter died of typhoid fever at Newark, N. J., last week. The child was nine years of age.

E. Chamberlain and family have removed to this city again from Brooklyn, N. Y.

## FANWOOD.

(From the Regular Correspondent.)

The meeting of the Fanwood Literary Association, held in the chapel, last Saturday evening, was in charge of the members of the Sixth Female Grade. Here is the programme they had:—

- I. READING—"A Successful Man," by Miss Bonoff.
- II. READING—"The Lady and the Burglar," by Miss Lipnitsky.
- III. READING—"A Female Spy," by Miss Nader.
- IV. DIALOGUE by Misses Narkir, Wood, Koplick and M. Brewer.
- V. READING—"Helen Walker," by Miss Shelly.
- VI. READING—"The Four Villages at the Mouth of a Great Lake," by Miss Corney.
- VII. READING by Miss Wolfersteig.
- VIII. READING—"His Tooth Pull-ed by a Locomotive," by Miss E. Harrison.
- IX. DECLAMATION—"Barbara Frietchie," by Miss Moore.
- X. READING—"How Carl Won the Prize," by Miss G. Rubien.
- XI. READING—"A Skating Adventure," by Miss Klain.

The programme was carried out excellently. The readings and dialogue were well selected and interesting. The declamation, "Barbara Frietchie," by Miss Annie Moore was very good, and she was rewarded with tremendous applause at its conclusion. That the Fanwood Literary Association continues to make much progress was again shown at that meeting. Formerly the male pupils and teachers were the only ones who came upon the platform, but at last Saturday's meeting, with the exception of President Fox, all those who came upon the platform were females. As the majority of them stood before the Association for the first time, they deserve credit for the excellent program rendered.

Two picked teams met one day last week in the gymnasium, and played a game of basket ball. They called themselves the T's and H's. The T's had an easy time and won the game by the score of 28 to 1. The line up:

H	Positions.	T
Holmes	left forward	Stern
Tompeto	right forward	Van
Ran	centre	Powell
Solomon	right guard	Eldridge
Duerer	left guard	Renner

Goals from field—Van 5; Renner 2; and Stern 3. Goals from fouls—Powell 1; Holmes 1. Referee—Mr. Cook. Time of game—Twenty-minute halves.

Dr. Everett Herriek, of the Board of Directors, called at the Institution Monday.

Early Sunday morning, just opposite the Institution, across the river, the sky was illuminated with a red glare. It was a big fire and seemed to be very near. However, the papers contained accounts of a big fire in Patterson, N. J. Patterson is about twelve miles away from this school by a straight line.

Dr. Charles A. Leale, of the Board of Directors, was a visitor Sunday afternoon.

Monday morning Rev. Dr. Chamberlain called on Mr. Clarke. W. R.

## LITTLE DEAF-MUTE GIRL.

HEIR TO \$60,000,000.

Miss Eliza B. Smith, a little deaf-mute, aged but seven years and the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Louis K. Smith, of Rahway, is one of the heirs to an estate valued at \$60,000,000.

Mrs. Smith is descended from the Warman family of England, whose origin dates back four centuries. Christopher Warman had a big silk plant in England, and was shipwrecked on his way to this country in 1715.

The old Warman estate still stands in England and was worth \$60,000,000 years ago. Five of the eleven children of the grandmother's family, Mrs. Warman, are still living, and with this little deaf and dumb girl, will come in for a large share of the estate, which is now being settled up.

## CHICAGO.

### An Entertainment for Sweet Charity.

#### THE MOORISH CONQUEST.

#### Events Past and to Come.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

"Large charity doth never soil."

Little sweet actresses and great brainy scholars were at the audience hall of the First M. E. Church, on Saturday, February 8th. A good sized audience was present despite the zero weather, and a good sum of money was realized for charity purposes. The entertainment was under the direction of Mrs. Colby, chairman of the Entertainment Committee for the Ladies' Aid Society, and Mrs. Codman, her able assistant.

The program consisted of three pantomimes: "Seven Times Seven," with Florence Kleinsuber, aged three and a half years, and Helen Merz, aged three years, in the chief roles; "Bring Flowers," by Helen Merz; "Backward, Turn Backward," by Nellie Perkins, thirteen years old; and a lecture on "The Moorish Conquest of Spain," by Mr. George T. Dougherty, aged —, just ask him.

The three little children were under the direction of Mrs. Mae R. Perkins, teacher of the lip-reading department at Sapers' School of Oratory. The play of the three fascinating dainty tots was mighty nice and beautiful, and everybody was filled with such sweetness.

Now Mr. Dougherty was introduced to the audience, and he felt many inches higher and broader through the influence of the little sweet "ladies." He was a picture of John P. Altgeld, the noted political orator and ex-Governor of Illinois, and zealous supporter of William J. Bryan in the late campaign. Mr. Dougherty did his best in a "bowling alley" fashion. His subject was "The Moorish Conquest of Spain." His eloquence and wit received enthusiastic approbation. The ladies in charge of the program were much gratified over the results. Mr. Dougherty said in part that the Moors were completely victorious. The fate of King Roderick was never known. His horse and his sword, helmet, shield and breastplate, were found by the side of a river near the field of battle, but his body was nowhere to be found. The Spaniards long believed that King Roderick was alive, and at some future day he would lead an army to fight the Moors again. But he never returned alive, and as the monarchy was ruined by his fall, he is called Roderick, the last of the Goths. The history was very interesting from the beginning to end. A vote of hearty thanks was given to Mrs. Perkins for arranging the pantomimes, and to the brilliant lecturer.

The Ladies' Aid Society will give a New England Supper at the home of Mrs. Charles T. Sullivan, on the 15th of March. Mrs. E. N. Bowes, being of New England birth, will assist the entertainment committee. What is a New England supper? Come and taste it and find out.

Ex-Superintendent Walker will deliver a lecture on "George Washington" before the Literary Circle of the Pas-a-Pas Club, on the 22d of February. Club members and ladies are invited to enjoy the privilege.

The first annual reception and banquet of the Chicago Division, No. 1, of the Fraternal Society of the Deaf, took place at the Union Restaurant, last Saturday evening. Mr. Ira Keller acted as toastmaster. He is president of the Chicago Division. Several addresses were made by Ex-Superintendent Walker, Messrs. Washington Barrow, A. J. Waterman, Henry Maher and others. The "Star-Spangled Banner" was recited by Mrs. Washington Barrows, and "America" by Miss Thora Forbergd. It was a great success.

Mr. Fred Stricker, of Kenwood, was given a surprise birthday party by his friends of Gano, Pullman and Fenwood, last Saturday evening. He has a hearing wife and four bright children.

Mr. William B. Wayman feels bigger than he ever has, for his brother has married President Roosevelt's charming cousin.

Rev. P. J. Hasenstab's assistant, Henry S. Rutherford, will be in Davenport, Iowa, on the 21st of February, on his mission travel, also in Sublette, Dimick, La Salle on the 22d; Ottawa, Seneca, Morris on the 24th, and in Joliet on the 25th.

Mr. George Adleman, of Durand, Ill., has just ordered a Deering corn cutter and shocker combined for his farm. He rents two hundred acres of land, and is prospering like a prince.

Mrs. William McMillan went to Greenville, Ill., to attend her brother's funeral recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Ethelbert D. Hunter's son, who has been confined to his home with rheumatism, is now taking air.

Mr. Albert Krieder had his leg broken while skating last week. He is lying in the Cook County Hospital.

A girl baby appeared on the 29th ult., at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Burt Keeler, who are very well known to the Ladies' Aid Society.

Miss Hegg, of Chicago, Ill., has just returned from a short visit to Joliet.

Miss Lizzie Miller, who shook the Chicago dust from her feet some time ago, is now canvassing photograph frames in Sublette, Ill.

Miss Lizzie Pottinger, who was educated at Fanwood School, is enjoying good health and living on a farm in Peru, Ill. She is a constant reader of the JOURNAL CHICAGO.

## DANVILLE, PA.

Rev. Franklin C. Smileau, of Harrisburg, Pa., is travelling over the State in the interest of the spiritual welfare of deaf-mutes. He paid Danville a visit last Wednesday. The reverend gentleman is himself deaf and dumb. He was the guest of Rev. E. Wright, at the Episcopal Rectory. He made a pleasant call at the house of Mr. Franklin Detweiler on the same evening, and left for Harrisburg on Thursday. Mr. Detweiler, the mute jeweler, has been repairing the large clock of the Episcopal Church, of which Rev. E. Wright is the pastor, and it gives much satisfaction.

Mr. Elmer Siegfried, of Ohio, was in the city on business last Monday, making a call at the shop of Mr. F. Detweiler, the jeweler. He left for Boston, Tuesday. He has a wife and three speaking children.

Charles Park, alias Sullivan, created a sensation in the northern end of the town last Sunday night. He made his appearance about dark and began to inquire for a certain woman, a mute, who was finally located. Learning that she was leading a married life, he became very much agitated and declared that she was his wife. He proceeded to the dwelling occupied by the couple and asked to see the husband. Charles laid no claim to the woman, but asked husband No. 2, to accompany him up the street. The latter declined, whereupon Charles proceeded on his way. The woman in the case was seen last night. She acknowledges she was married to a former husband, who deserted her in another part of the Union, about six years ago. He said he came from Chicago, working at the Pullman Car shop as a sawer. He left for Scranton, Monday.

NEWSGATHERER.

Feb. 9, '02.

## SERVICES FOR DEAF-MUTES.

FIRST SUNDAY IN LENT, FEBRUARY 16TH, at 3 P.M.

St. Ann's Church, N. Y., 3 P.M.  
St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn, 3 P.M.  
Trinity Church, Newark, N. J., 3 P.M. Holy Communion.

Tuesday, February 18th, 8 P.M., lecture in the Guild room of St. Ann's Church.

## RELIGIOUS SERVICE.

MADISON AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

N. E. Corner Seventy-third Street.

Service to the deaf by the pastor, Rev. Howard Agnew Johnston, D.D., every Sunday evening, at 7:30 o'clock. A cordial welcome to all.

Bible Class at eight o'clock, taught by Mrs. Wm H. Rose.

Miss Myra L. Barrager will render Fennimore Cooper's, "Last of the Mohicans," in the church parlour on Friday evening, February 28th, at eight o'clock. A most cordial invitation is extended to all the deaf to beguile a passing hour in the Indian forest with Hawkeye, his trusty "Killdeer," and Uncas.

## Deaf-Mute Robbed.

Christopher Emil, 25 years old, of 255 Jefferson Avenue, was arraigned before Magistrate Kramer in the Manhattan avenue court to-day, on a charge of grand larceny. The complainant was M. Buckley, deaf and dumb, of 194 President Street, and, according to his charge, a chance meeting with Emil and a subsequent drinking session were the cause of his losing a watch valued at \$150. Emil denied the charge of larceny to-day and was held for an examination.—Brooklyn Eagle.

The inquirer, of Binghamton, N. Y., is informed that John H. Geary is in California.

Mrs. Oscar Merrill, of Middaghs, Pa., and her sister, Mrs. Miller McKing, of Easton, Pa., went to Port Jervis, N. Y., on the 9th of January, to spend two weeks with their father.

During the past decade the Roman Catholics have increased more rapidly in Prussia than the Protestants, while the increase in number of Hebrews was significant.

## OHIO.

### To Hold a Charity Ball.

#### HOY HELPS THE BRIDE.

#### News of the Week.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 903 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

The long continued dry spell of last autumn and part of the Winter, has made the water supply in and about Central College an uppermost question. The Home management had discussed a year or so ago better water facilities for the Institution, and in part it was thought had overcome the difficulty by the addition of another cistern which is fed from the roof of the barn. But as stated at the outset, the long drought dried up about all the wells and cisterns up there.

It is proposed to drive a well upon the Home grounds at the first opportunity. Just now the finances of the Home will hardly allow the improvement to be undertaken, but to meet the difficulty a charity ball will be given on the evening of February 14th, at the Institution. Superintendent J. W. Jones is chairman of the committee. The time for preparation and the selling of tickets is short, but it is hoped it will be none the less successful. Just how much will be realized it is difficult to estimate, but we hope sufficient to accomplish the improvement.

The location of the Home is on high ground with a creek on the east, Walnut and Alum creek on the west, and it is likely a depth of a hundred to a hundred and fifty feet will be necessary to go down before a vein of good water is reached, and that will make the cost considerable.

The Cincinnati Enquirer, on the 24 inst., in its society column contained the following:—

Many linen showers to blushing brides-to-be occur daily, but the one which was given last evening by Mrs. William Hoy at her home, 924 Everett street, was an unusual one, for the majority of the guests were deaf and dumb. The affair was given in honor of Miss Elizabeth Armstrong, who resided at the Children's Home, and who will be to Hymen's altar by Frank Ellerhorst at 8 P.M., February 12, at the bride's home. Both of them are deaf and dumb, and at the ceremony given yesterday, with few exceptions, the guests were similarly afflicted. Wm. Hoy, the ball player, and at whose home the affair occurred, was the master of ceremonies. The bride was given many pretty and valuable presents by her admiring friends.

Miss Ida Oilemacher, accompanied by her mother and sister, came down Sunday, the two latter returning home the same day. Miss Ida will leave to-morrow. She has been the guest of her brother Albert, physical instructor, and has enjoyed meeting her many friends.

Just as we had surmised, Miss Katie Fox, of whose sudden restoration to hearing mention was made last week, is still as deaf as before. It's only the phonograph sound she heard and not speech, so latest reports say. By the way, it is very likely that she did not even hear the sounds of the instrument, but only felt its vibrations—a thing very common to the deaf speaking. It is so in our case. The thumping of a piano or pounding on desks and table are often annoying. We have used the term "deaf-speaking" for semi-mutes, as being more appropriate than the latter. Miss Fox, if we are not mistaken, can speak some, though she is deaf.

The printer, by leaving out Upper, made us say in our last letter that Mrs. Snow had gone to Sandusky. It should be Upper Sandusky.

The ground hog came out of his hole sure enough and returned as quickly, as has been evidenced by a week's continual cold weather and snow covered ground, affording plenty of slighing to those fortunate enough to own a rig for such purpose.

Quite a number of pupils were permitted to leave the Institution Saturday afternoon and go out to Franklin Park to skate. The quarantine against the pupils has been raised and they are again permitted to go up street as of yore.

Miss Ida Buckles, who has been for several years teaching Maud Stafford, a deaf blind girl at Piqua, has resigned the duty, and Superintendent Jones has accepted her resignation. She goes to Brooklyn, N. Y., to teach.

Bellaire has had its deaf population increased by James Maddox, who will work in one of the glass factories there.

Mr. C. W. Charles was up at the Home Sunday, and held religious services for the people there. Miss Barr who was taken in December, is suffering from dropsy, while Miss Metzger is confined to her bed owing to the infirmities of old age.

The Finance Committee of the House of Representatives, was at the Institution, Thursday evening, inquiring after the needs of the school for the next two years. When business was over the members were regaled with songs and music by several of the lady teachers.



### Concerning Proctor's Five Theatres.

Washington's Bri dday will end another gala week at the Proctor's theatres in New York and Newark. The holiday will be observed with the usual early openings and continuous performances at all houses. Extra vaudeville talent will be presented in addition to the unusually strong dramatic offerings which have been prepared by the Proctor Stock Company. Sunday Concerts will obtain, as usual, at all of Manager Proctor's New York theatres, the bills being presented in continuous performance.

Proctor's, Newark, continues to be genuinely popular and unquestionably prosperous. Theatre goers of Jersey's metropolis have come to understand the Proctor definition of the term "vaudeville" and they have learned to their own satisfaction that it implies polite entertainment, presented in a refined manner in clean and wholesome surroundings. An innocent diversion which has too long been mixed with the fumes of bad cigars and drowned in drinks, has been elevated by Manager Proctor to a plane of respectability and the best families of aristocratic old Newark are constant patrons of the handsome theatre facing on Military Park. But the house appeals not alone to the families of "swelltown"; the middle class are there represented in strong array, and they find the same polite reception awaiting them as is accorded the richest man in town. For the holiday week there is no falling off in the high grade of entertainment which has thus far prevailed. The Fussell Brothers will be the leaders in presentations of a timely skit, by George M. Cohen, entitled, "A Romance of New Jersey." Joseph Maxwell & Co. will offer a musical sketch, depicting the life of a New York fireman, appealing to Newark "fire laddies" with equal force. Mazuz and Mazette will be seen in an acrobatic novelty and Favor and Sinclair will present a new character sketch. The kalatechnoscope will present an entirely new series of moving photographs; Delphino will give a novel monologue, Lores Grimme, boy soprano, will be heard in a song repertoire, and Bianca Lyons will complete the array of talent with artistic violin selections. A better bill has not been seen here. The bargain matinees are still a popular feature. The afternoon performances can be witnessed from any seat in orchestra or balcony for 25 cents, and the performances are just as carefully staged as they are at night, when prices are only a trifle higher and always maintained at the same popular scale. Truly Manager Proctor has hit the public fancy with his refined entertainments.

Clay M. Griggs, another travesty and it is said to be the wittiest he has come from his pen. This time he lampoons "A Gentleman of France," and the Proctor Stock Company will present it at the Fifth Avenue under the title of "The Gentle Mr. Bellevue of France." He has found abundant material for travesty in the romantic play and the rehearsals promise a side-splitting performance. "A Midnight Bell," one of Charles H. Ho's most popular plays, will also be presented at the Fifth Avenue by the Stock Company. Special scenery goes with the production and an excellent performance is assured. The Ten-Ichi Troupe, marvelous Japanese acrobats, will be the star attraction. This feature is not ends their present tour of the Proctor Circuit and they will be seen in New York for the last performance, for the present at least. The black-face monologue offering by Willis P. Sweatman is said to be better than ever this year, and he will be a leader in the diversion between acts of the drama. Lillian Tye, in so good of Ireland; Sabine and Millaney, black-face song and dance comedians; the Petching Brothers, in a musical act; and Tom Brown, colored comedian, will keep the performance continuous.

Another Hoyt play, "A Trip to Chinatown," will be presented by the Proctor Stock Company at the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street. It will be presented by the company which is headed by Mabel Montgomery and William Cordell. The Proctor players have proven themselves equal to the Hoytman farce emergency and an excellent representation of the droll playwright's fun and frolic is given. "Locked Out," a novel little sketch, will serve as the curtain raiser, and Peter F. Dailey will head the delegation of vaudeville entertainers who hold attention between acts. The lively comedian will be seen in a comical skit entitled, "A Dress Rehearsal," and has the assistance of clever Mollie Thompson, dainty May Lowery and two funny comedians—Frank Lane and Eddie Garvey. The musical act introduced by Falk and Semon will also be a feature. Gus Williams will present his German monologue and the kalatechnoscope will round out the bill with moving pictures of current interest.

The Fifty-eighth Street will return to straight vaudeville for one week only, and Manager Proctor will make it an event of the season for East-siders. The bill will be one of the most expensive he has ever presented at that house and will be topped by Caron and Herbert, in their artistic clown and acrobatic specialty. Tommy O'Brien and Clara Havel will be second features in presentations of their acrobatic novelty, "The Newsboy and the Maid." Mr. and Mrs. Milton Nobles will offer Mr. Nobles' comedy sketch, "Why Walker Reformed," which Dolly Nobles will wear some elaborate and expensive gowns. Their sketch is one of the most ludicrous in vaudeville and they play it most artistically. Mile Chester's trained dog, Barr and Evans, in a rural comedy, entitled "A Visit from Uncle Silas"; Loney Haskell, in character monologue; Monroe and Sinclair, in a comedy skit, and the kalatechnoscope's moving pictures will complete the bill. Two performances will be given daily, following up the custom which obtains when the Proctor Stock Co. is in possession of the stage.

Helene Mora, the famous lady baritone, heads Manager Proctor's continuous vaudeville programme at the Twenty-third Street. She has an entirely new song repertoire and will present her act with costume changes and special scenic and lighting effects. The Smedley Sketch Club will offer a pathetic little play as a second feature, and George Evans, the "Honey Boy," in his black-face singing and talking specialty, will be another leading number. The Proctor Stock Co. will present one of Clay H. Greene's travesties as an extra feature. John Kernell, in Celtic monologue; Harry La Rose, spiral ascensionist; and Bonnie Thornton, in a new repertoire of songs, will be star factors in a bill which will also include White and Simmons, in a black-face turn; Barrows and Travis, in a comedy sketch; Belmont and O'Brien, comedians; Short and Edwards, musicians; and Eddie Mack, monologist. There will be the usual early opening at the Twenty-third Street Washington's birthday.

### General Washington's Courtesy.

Martha Littlefield Phillips gives "Recollections of Washington and His Friends." The author is a granddaughter of the youngest daughter of General Nathaniel Greene, and she tells the following story in the words of her grandmother, concerning a visit of the latter to Washington at Philadelphia: "One incident which occurred during that visit was so comical in itself, and so characteristic of Washington, that I recall it for your entertainment. Early on a bright December morning a droll looking old countryman called to see the President. In the midst of their interview breakfast was announced; and the President invited the visitor, as was his hospitable wont on such occasions, to a seat beside him at the table. The visitor drank his coffee from his saucer; but lest any grief should come to the snowy damask, he laboriously scraped the bottom of his cup on the saucer's

edge before setting it down on the tablecloth. He did it with such audible vigor that it attracted my attention, and that of several young people present, always on the alert for occasions of laughter. We were so indiscreet as to allow our amusement to become obvious. General Washington took in the situation, and immediately adopted his visitor's method of drinking his coffee making the scrape even more pronounced than the one he reproduced. Our disposition to laugh was quenched at once."—Century Magazine.

The Alps cover a space of 90,000 square miles. In them rivers have their source, flowing into the North Sea, Black Sea and Mediterranean.

### FOR A JOLLY GOOD TIME

GO TO THE

### Grand Masque and Civic Ball

OF THE

### Deaf-Mutes' Athletic Club

AT

### WASHINGTON HALL,

829 to 833 Broadway, near Park Ave., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

ON

Saturday Evening, April 5, 1902.

Music by the YATES ORCHESTRA.

TICKETS, - - 25 Cents Each.

PRIZES: For the most handsome, and most comical costumes.

### COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS:

Vincent de P. Keely, Chairman,  
110 South First St., Brooklyn.

Herman Beck, Robert H. McVea,  
Henry Prinsinzing, Joshua Levy.

TO REACH HALL: Take Roosevelt St., Grand St., Twenty-third St., or Forty-second St., ferry to Broadway, Brooklyn; then take Broadway surface cars or Elevated Railroad train at foot of Broadway, to Park Ave. There is an elevated station at Park Ave. From Bridge take Flushing Ave., Myrtle Ave., or Park Ave., surface cars to Broadway—a few minutes walk to hall. Elevated Railroad at Bridge, take Bath Beach, or Bay Ridge trains to Bridge St., station, change for an East New York loop train, to Gates Ave. station on Broadway, then change again to Broadway ferry train (green light) from same station, going in opposite direction; get off at Park Ave. station.

### Theatrical Entertainment and Reception

of the

### New Jersey Deaf-Mute Society

Saturday, April 12, 1902

PARTICULARS LATER

### ST. VALENTINE PARTY

in the

GUILD ROOMS OF

### St. Ann's Church,

148th St., West of Amsterdam Ave.

ON

Friday Evening,

February 14, 1902

at eight o'clock.

Proceeds to be used to furnish a Reception Room in the New Gallaudet Home.

Games for Prizes. Refreshments.

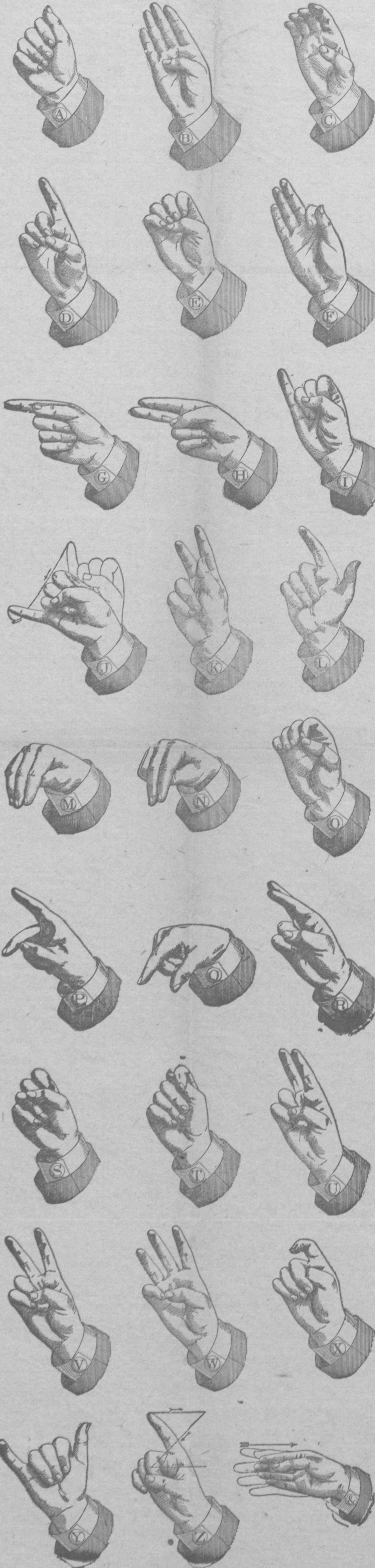
ADMISSION, 25 CENTS.

Children under 12, ten cents.

### COMMITTEE.

Mrs. T. F. Fox,  
Mrs. M. Heyman, Mrs. A. L. Pach,  
Mrs. C. J. Le Clercq, Miss B. Block.

## American Manual Alphabet.



## GALLAUDET HOME FOR DEAF-MUTES.

THE carefully prepared plans for the new building on the old site, to be fire-proof and adapted to the needs of fifty inmates, each having a separate room, call for \$48,400 to complete the structure with its inside wood and iron work.

The Building Fund now amounts to \$48,150.38. Ten thousand (\$10,000) dollars more will be needed for heating, plumbing, lighting and incidentals. Much work has been accomplished, but the building will not be finished before next Summer.

Donations may be sent to:—

Mr. Walter S. Kemeys, Treasurer, 7 East 62d Street, New York City.

Rev. John Chamberlain, D.D., Assistant General Manager, 587 West 145th Street, New York City.

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